

Proven

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Summary: Gobber always knew Hiccup would be alright. Gobber's observations of Hiccup over the years he worked with him in the forge. Oneshot.

Proven

Gobber always knew Hiccup would be alright.

Stoick deposited Hiccup at the forge when the boy was six. Val had died not that long ago, and Gobber had been trying to keep Stoick functioning, especially when it came to parental matters. "Did yeh get Hiccup breakfast?" "Do you know where Hiccup is?" He was starting to sound like a nagging housewife. It had to be done, or Hiccup would get eaten by a bear or kidnapped by trolls. Trolls EXIST!

Stoick had been denial about his son's size for years. "He'll bulk up." The other kids pushed him around. Stoick as chief could have set them straight in a second, but he, like most Viking parents, believed Hiccup needed to learn to defend himself. Poor kidâ€"all brains, no brawn, with an inherent awkwardness. He knew he was different too.

Finally, after Val passed, Stoick took a good look at the little boy and realized he couldn't treat him like a typical Viking childâ€"he just wasn't like the others.

Gobber tried poitn out the good in the boy to Stoick. His observation: "Boy's good with his hands. Smart, too," had inspired Stoick to let him use his skills. Gobber had first refused. He knew Hiccup: the clumsiest kid alive, and not big enough for lifting heavy metal. The way he got in trouble, was it really a smart idea to put him around fire and weapons? "Gobber," Stoick begged, gesturing to his son, who was studying the bellows. "He'll be better off here. I don't like how much he's alone since Val died. He needs company."

"Gobber?" Hiccup asked. "Wouldn't it be sturdier to use this thicker metal, not the light kind?"

"Nah lad, the light metal makes it easier to swing the sword," Gobber answered.

Hiccup was nodding. "What if you mixed the materials so it would have more force behind the swing but still be lightweight?"

That did it. Boy had business sense.

The first week was pure ups and downs.

Hiccup's brilliance changed the entire shop. He reorganized the materials to make more room in the stockroom; he suggested new methods to save time and resources. And Gobber had to admit, it was nice to just ask Hiccup to get the hammer instead of having to limp across the room for it.

But he was beginning to sympathize with Stoick. Hiccup was shy around people he didn't know well, but once he befriended you he chattered away. It was interesting chatter, but distracting when you were trying to make a quality sword. He also truly hyperactive; Gobber refused to allow him to make anything, so if he had no task to do he would get into all sorts of mischief until Gobber wanted to pull out his beard. In a memorable incident, the boy wandered off and left a fire roaring and almost burned down the forge.

But Gobber saw potential. Especially when he started to train him up right.

When Hiccup was seven he started to allow him to make daggers. And Frigga if they weren't as good as Gobber's. Encouraged, he set him on bigger swords. He granted Hiccup a back room to design as much as he pleased. The boy beamed and threw himself into new devices, and his work.

"He's got everythin' to be a right fine blacksmith," Gobber told Stoick over his mead.

Stoick looked moodily into his beer. "But I worry if he's got everything he needs to be chief."

"Never satisfied," Gobber mumbled as Stoick lumbered away.

Hiccup showed Gobber some of his designs. "Well!" Gobber would exclaim. "That's somethin'." Hiccup would grin so wide. It made Gobber wonder if he had ever been praised before—or at least his mother passed.

He got him on intricacies next—baubles and trinkets young men would order for their sweethearts. By the time he was ten, Hiccup was a notable apprentice, as estranged from his father as always, as tormented by his peers and his scrawniness as ever.

He and the boy had developed an easy, teasing friendship. He liked Hiccup. Not very Viking-like, but a fine boy. But unless he became more Viking-like, Snoutlout, who Gobber found arrogant and crude, would be chief. Gobber hoped not—Hiccup had no brawn, Snoutlout had

no brains. He'd led them into a war in ten seconds. Where was the young Stoick in Hiccup? Gobber remembered Stoick as boyâ€"they had been best friends and constantly getting themselves out of one mess and into another. But no one ever doubted Stoick would be a great chief.

He worried about Hiccup, especially as he grew into his teens. He became more and more determined to please Stoick, the village, and prove something by killing a dragon. He spent more time inside his head stewing than Gobber liked. His devices became clever traps and weapons. Gobber tried to rein him in, but that was like trying to ride a dragon: impossible.

There was the Stoick in him: pure stubbornness.

That was when he persuaded Stoick to let Hiccup train. It couldn't hurt. Maybe, just maybe, Hiccup could succeed. Maybe he could make everyone proud without getting himself killed. And then he did. Gobber knew he had it in him. He'd always known Hiccup would make his name known.

The final exam was unbelievable. Hiccup? Hiccup had a dragon? A Night Fury, no less? He shouldn't be surprised. Hiccup was completely unpredictable. He said nothing to Stoick. He knew how wounded he'd be. But he, as always, had to try and get Stoick to remember what was important. "He's still your son," He told him gently. Stoick grunted at him, looking away.

Pure stubbornness.

Gobber rode out to go find the nest with sorrow needling his heart.

Except Hiccup was right about the dragons. Once again, smarter than everyone else.

He almost died.

He would have died without that dragon. His dragon. Toothless.

Gobber thought about it as his pounded the leg. He thought over Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third as a boy and as the man he nearly was. He put Hiccup's creativity into the leg, his inventiveness. His bravery. His leg was different from the others he'd made for amputations before. He didn't know how he'd take to it. Somehow he guessed that resilient little thing would handle his loss better he himself had. He had been about Hiccup's age when that dragon wrenched it off. The pain was excruciating. He had told the story to Hiccup the week he first came to the forge. It had both fascinated and terrified the little boy.

Hiccup recovered, like he knew he would. He knew he was back to himself when he told him he'd make some adjustments. Cheeky bugger.

He watched him take off with his friends and sweep the skies with a proud glint in his eye. Hiccup had done what he needed to do.

He'd managed to prove his worth to himself.

Gobber had known it all along.

Now Hiccupâ€"and everyone elseâ€"did too.

****Edited to make it a little better! I felt like I needed to write a Gobber piece. Hiccup and Gobber clearly have a special relationship. We see him confiding in Gobber like a father figure in the movie and joking around with him. And there are practically no Gobber and Hiccup stories! ****

****Reviewing would be lovely :)****

End
file.